

Marked by the_angry_pixie

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Summary:

Will has a secret. Actually he has two secrets. Ok if he's honest, he has three secrets.

Soulmate AU

Marked

Author's Note:

This fic was a Giveaway Fic to celebrate a follower milestone on Tumblr. Many thanks to @wizkid772 for their very interesting prompt and I hope I have done it justice.

The only thing I think is important to note before reading this story is that Mike and El never dated in this alternate universe. Because dating isn't really a thing in this universe. More on that to be found in the story. But yeah, just for context you should know they didn't date, just befriended each other.

Will had a secret. One he holds close to himself. So close to himself it's practically apart of his skin. Well, technically it IS part of his skin. He remembers when it had appeared. The afternoon of his 16th birthday. 4:07pm. Everyone he cared about in the world waiting out in the lounge while he stood alone in his room, naked. Three minutes to go. He knew exactly when he was born. It was standard practice to record it at the hospital after a successful delivery. And if you were lucky enough, you could be excused from school because your birth-time and Soulmark Reveal would happen during school hours.

In a way Will is happier his is happening outside school hours. Otherwise it would have been just him and his Mom. His friends didn't get to skip school just because a patch of skin somewhere on Will's body was about to change forever. And maybe, just maybe, his soulmate might be revealed to him.

Will was jittery. Worrying about stupid things like the humiliation of it appearing on his face or on his ass or somewhere else even worse. He was the fourth among his small group of friends to receive his soulmark. He'd been to many Soulmark Reveal celebrations before.

But it was just so different this time. Nothing could've prepared him for the weird mix of excitement and unease that was currently doing an Irish jig inside his stomach.

He jumped as the alarm clock on his bedside table beeped obnoxiously. It was time. Will began staring at his reflection in the full length mirror on his cupboard door. Scanning his body. Sometimes the soulmark could be small. Sometimes they could be huge. Dustin's spanned the entirety of his bicep. Whilst Max's fit in the space on the back of her earlobe.

It didn't take him long. He felt a tingle, a pull almost. Like a hook in his chest and he swung around. Looking back over his shoulder into the mirror he saw it. Small but not too small. A deep navy colour on the back of his neck. Two little arrows pointing to each other, almost kissing in the middle but just a hairsbreadth separated.

Well... *Will* had always said they looked like two arrows... El had a different take. She thought it looked like a sewing stitch holding two threads together. And Will guessed she should know. She'd had her mark for months!

And that meant... Will laughed joyously. The tingling feeling melting out through his entire body like warm honey. Almost as though his racing heart was pumping it through his veins.

He had a soulmate.

El. El was his soulmate.

Of *course* she was.

He couldn't stop giggling as he threw on some sweatpants and ran out into the lounge room. Everyone was staring. Mike and El were sitting on the couch together. Will noted the way Mike's hands were fisted on top of his knees in anticipation and El's mouth was hanging slightly open.

Without a word he approached. He looked down into El's beautiful brown eyes and reached for her hand. With a smile he felt his knees hit the carpet and he rested her hand over the back of his neck. With his face cradled in her lap he couldn't see her reaction. But he heard the intake of breath, the delicate trace of a fingertip over the mark tattooed into his skin.

"Whoa" he heard Mike murmur on an exhale beside them.

And suddenly the fingers on the back of his neck were sliding into his hair and pulling him up so he was facing her. The smile on her face was wondrous, one of the most thrilling things he'd ever seen. She launched herself at him and they ended up on the floor laughing and hugging as everyone cheered and clapped in the background.

Once things calmed down Will's normal birthday celebrations began. He crept away to get dressed but once he returned, El was waiting for him. Smiling *just for him* and he felt magnetised. He'd had no idea it would feel like this. Like... like floating. As stupid as that sounds.

Will let those euphoric feelings carry him through the rest of the night.

It was only the next afternoon when things began to descend southward with the speed of a runaway train.

Will had been in his room getting ready. El would be coming over soon. They were going to spend the afternoon together. Probably just going for a walk and talking, as was usual for them. He wondered would things be different now that they were soulmates? He guessed they were *together* now, though its not like anyone had discussed it yesterday...

Will had never been anyone's boyfriend before. It wasn't common for people to get into relationships before they found their soulmates. At most, rowdy teenagers might mess around with spinning bottles at parties and the like. The *really* rowdy ones would even have pre-soulmate sex...

At least that was one thing Will wouldn't have to worry about...

Everyone close to her knew El wasn't interested in having sex. She'd explained her lack of interest in it to the party some years earlier. So yeah... that was one less thing Will guessed... not that he minded all that much. He loved El, but couldn't really imagine being with her in that way.

Though his cheeks did heat up and a smile crept across the seam of his lips at the idea of being *romantic* with her. Taking her out, holding her hand, kissing her cute little nose. Just generally being the

one to make her happy. Actually most of those were things they did already. So yeah, he guessed not much was going to change. Wasn't that fantastic?!

Idly he pulled one sock on then lifted his left foot up onto his knee to clothe the other. Something in the full-length mirror across the room caught his eye. At first he thought it was a bruise. But no it was more defined than that. He looked down at the arch of his foot and instantly felt a cold dread drop into his stomach like a giant ice cube.

There, bold and conspicuous, a perfect little infinity symbol sat inked into his skin. He rubbed his thumb over it. Unsurprisingly, it did not wipe away.

How...? What...? That had not been there 24 hours ago!

Will felt like he could feel his heart beating in his throat. He ran to the mirror and looked to the back of his neck. Yes his soulmark was still there, two almost-kissing horizontal arrows. The exact same navy colour as the infinity symbol on his foot.

It couldn't be... he'd never heard of such a thing... someone with *two soulmarks*?! Did that mean he had two soulmates?? What sort of freak would have *two soulmates*?! That's just not how it worked!!

Just then he heard the muffled sounds of El barging through his front door and greeting his mother in the kitchen.

With the agility of the *truly panicked* Will whipped back to his bed and pulled on his remaining sock.

He couldn't talk about this. Not now. No one must know. What would El think?! It would break her heart! He couldn't do that to her. He would figure this out on his own... later.

Will had a secret. One he held close to himself. So close to himself its practically a part of his skin. The fact that he had *two soulmarks* was something that hung over him like a guillotine blade. He knew one day that blade would drop and end everything. But *hell*, Will was going to hold that day off as long as he could. He got good at hiding his second soulmark. Luckily it wasn't hard to do. He just made sure to wear socks and shoes everywhere. No big deal.

He scoured his local library. Nothing in the history section seemed to mention anything about people with multiple soulmarks. There were accounts of people who got their mark late – usually due to abnormalities around their birth. And there was information about people who *never* got their mark. Studies seemed to show that this could be correlated with cases of severe trauma in childhood. But two soulmarks? There was nothing in the textbooks about it. The only things he could find were articles and interviews in tabloids and old trashy magazines with people who had *claimed* to have two soulmarks. And they were... less than savoury people.

Surely he wasn't like them! Those, those *bigamists*. Those *perverts*. Looking for any excuse to act on their weird sexual compulsions.

He told nobody. It ate away at him for weeks. He thought he was doing a pretty good job of hiding it. He spent time with his friends, like normal. He spent time with El. They were currently delighting in the fact that they could now kiss each other. An interesting new development. El was a good kisser. Will loved the way she tended to always end her kisses with a smile or a giggle.

Yeah, he thought he was doing a pretty good job of being *normal*. And then... it all just came tumbling out.

It had happened by accident. So quick and unsuspecting that there was no way he could have prepared or prevented it.

It wasn't uncommon for Mike to come over unannounced. It was like this unspoken rule in Will's life. Mike and El were allowed to walk in and out of his space as they pleased. Will had never questioned it.

And so he wasn't completely surprised to see Mike lying on his bed reading a comic when he walked into his room after a shower one evening.

Mike looked up and smiled as Will entered his room.

"Nice Yoda jammies" he smirked as Will pulled on his most comfortable flannelette pyjamas.

"You say this like you don't have a matching Luke Skywalker set at home" Will snarked back, sticking his tongue out at the reclined boy

for good measure.

“Yeah but unlike you I grew out of mine like *2 years ago*” Mike snorted with amusement. “But don’t worry buddy. I’m sure puberty is coming any day now.”

Will paused in the buttoning up of his shirt. “Oh yeah Wheeler?”

He couldn’t let a comment like that just slide. He had to defend his honour. Mike must be made to pay. Which he did when Will jumped on top of him to tackle him to the mattress. The tussle lasting minutes as both knew each others weakness from years of childish wrestling matches.

Though it was what happened afterwards that really mattered.

“Will what is that?”

Will had just sat back on his bed. Mike was still on the floor from where their match had finally ended with Mike laughingly calling for "mercy" from inside a headlock.

Will looked to where Mike was looking pointedly at his foot. And it was with cold dread that he realised he’d forgotten to put socks on after his shower.

He quickly pulled his foot away from where it had been hanging over

the side of the bed.

“Its nothing.”

He watched with growing anxiety as Mike’s eyes blinked up at him widely. The suspicion in his face was obvious.

“Didn’t seem like nothing.”

Will could see the determined crease beginning to appear between his dark eyebrows. Suddenly he reached for Will’s foot. Although startled, Will still managed to scoot further away across the bed.

“It’s *nothing* Mike. Just uh, just a doodle I did with a marker earlier today.”

Now Mike was outright frowning.

“A doodle you did with a marker... on the bottom of your foot... that somehow didn’t wash out in the shower?”

Will knew how stupid the words sounded. “Permanent marker?” he offered weakly.

At this Mike just fixed him with that Wheeler Stare. Which was

almost as bad as the El Hopper Stare. The stare that said *I know you are lying to me why would you do this liars are horrible people are you a horrible person??* Yes El really had a stare that could convey all that.

Will was weak to those stares. He'd always been a bit of a people-pleaser. Especially when it came to his friends and family. Especially-*especially* when it came to either Mike or El. He let out a long sigh.

“Ok... ok I'll tell you but you have to swear you won't tell anyone else.”

Mike nodded vigorously. He was now leaning up on the side of the bed. His eagerness almost resembling that of a puppy's. Like if Will leant over he would see a wagging tail protruding from his friends jeans.

It did nothing to make what Will was about to say easier. He struggled to find the words to explain it to him. This secret shame that had been grinding away at him for weeks. In the end he thought it best just to show him.

He slowly extended his foot out towards the teenager in front of him. He watched his best friend of 11 years. His dark brown eyes widened as he leaned closer to look at the mark tucked into the pale arch of Will's foot.

“Is that a...?”

“Yeah” Will admitted quietly.

“But you still have your other one right?”

“Yeah... two soulmarks. Can you *fucking* believe it? As if I wasn’t enough of a freak. I have two fucking soulmarks” his tone remained soft, tinged with casual self-loathing.

Will saw his friend frown. He should have expected it. It always upset Mike when Will talked badly of himself. And the guy never had quite mastered keeping his emotions to himself and off his face.

Tentatively he reached forward to trace his finger over the delicate infinity symbol. The touch made Will shiver with sensitivity.

“What do you think it means...?”

Will sniffed, his throat felt raw. Suddenly feeling overwhelmed with this opportunity to finally verbalise the fears that had been tumbling around in his mind since his birthday. “I don’t know. I really don’t know. The only cases I’ve read about people with two marks are about these deviants who claim they have two soulmates. But that can’t be me right? I love El. I don’t *want* anyone else. I don’t know, maybe I’m just sick. Like fucked in the brain or something.”

“Hey, hey stop that!” Mike's face looked stricken. "You're not sick. There's *nothing* wrong with you! Maybe it means nothing! You don't know that it's something *bad!*"

Mike fell back on his haunches after his tirade. Several emotions appearing to battle for dominance on his face.

“Maybe...” he murmured quietly, “maybe you should tell your Mom...”

“NO!”

Will pulled his foot out of where Mike had been resting his hand over it.

“No we can’t tell her. We can’t tell anybody. You promised. Mike you can’t tell *anybody*!”

“But... what about El...?”

“*Especially* not El” Will’s voice squeaked with emotion and he lowered his eyes. His hand reaching back to rub at the back of his neck. He’d taken to doing that since his birthday. Every time he was stressed and needing a little reassurance. “I couldn’t do that to her” he mumbled quietly. “Maybe you’ll understand when you have a soulmate one day but like... the thought of hurting her... I can’t think of anything more terrible.”

“You’re going to have to tell eventually Will” Mike insisted. “People are going to eventually find out.”

“Maybe not. Maybe this is just a- a temporary thing. Like maybe it will fade or something.”

There was silence as they both mulled this thought over.

“Pity” Mike murmured reaching out again to touch at the mark. Weaving his finger around the infinite circuit. Will turned a questioning gaze on him. “I kind of like it. It’s... cool-looking” he shrugged as he closed his hand over Will’s foot. His mark encased in the warmth of Mike’s palm.

Will laughed nervously as an army of butterflies erupted in his stomach.

Will had a second secret. One he held close to himself. One that was becoming more obvious as the days passed.

El was his soulmate. They were perfectly matched for each other in every possible way.

Well... *almost* every way... there was just one tiny thing... a little discrepancy that was becoming harder for Will to ignore.

El did not feel sexual attraction, but Will did. Will *does*.

And the real kicker here was, this attraction was not towards his soulmate. It wasn't even towards *girls*.

This just... wasn't the way things were meant to happen. It didn't matter what philosophy you believed about soulmarks. Whether you believed in destiny and fate, or just bio-chemical makeup – somewhere along the line Will thought someone had really fucked up when it came to him.

It wasn't an uncommon occurrence for some soulmates to not have sex with each other. To go through life as lovers, just not in the physical sense. That wasn't the weird thing at all.

But for *one* partner to be interested in sex when the other wasn't? That just seemed like a cruel twist of fate.

And for Will it was very obvious to him that he wanted to have sex. That he was *interested* in sex. And it wasn't sex with girls that interested him.

He liked boys. Men. Whatever you wanted to call it.

He liked the way their legs looked when they ran. He liked the authoritative squareness of a strong jawline. He liked hair on chests, and *especially* when that hair dripped down their navel, pointing to the forbidden places within men's underwear.

Yeah, Will liked all of those things. He thought it would fade when he found out that El was his soulmate. It would make sense. His soulmate was a girl who was asexual. He was a boy that had previously only been sexually attracted to men, not women.

But surely all of that business would drop away as he settled into his relationship with El? *Right?*

But as Will tried valiantly to ignore the way his heart raced at Mike's simple touch... he couldn't help worrying that as much as he may *want* to "settle"... this *thing*, this *attraction* didn't seem to be going away any time soon.

And settle he had. But not in a *bad* way.

He *loved* being with El.

Everything felt so good and so *right* when he was with her. Like two sides of the same coin. That's how Will had always secretly thought of himself and El. Ever since he had met the strange girl who had saved him multiple times before they had even been properly introduced. The curious and beautiful creature that for a year had danced in and out of his dreams until finally materialising into existence where he could finally touch and embrace her.

They were instinctual to each others needs. Pure and simple. Like something straight out of the animal kingdom.

El could always tell when Will was struggling, whether it was school or other people or just from the weight of his own demon thoughts. She would be there and she would open her arms and Will would happily crawl in to be cuddled. Fingers in his hair, lips on his forehead and cheeks, anything to even out Will's breathing and bring him back to placidity.

But she also challenged him too. Pouted and got angry at him when she felt he was apologising too much. Poked and prodded him into making decisions when he hemmed and hawwed for too long. Inspired confidence within him to step forward more even though he was often naturally inclined to fade into the background.

Basically, made him feel like he could be more than he was.

Had Will been disappointed when he discovered that his soul was bound to El's? Would be for the rest of their lives? Not in a *million years* – disappointed wasn't even part of his vocabulary.

Will wasn't entirely sure what El was getting out of this arrangement, but he couldn't help feeling like the luckiest guy on the planet when he thought about belonging to El and El belonging to him.

But that didn't stop... that didn't stop Will's third secret from being a reality.

For although the thought of being El's soulmate filled him with a warm golden sense of contentment... he did not feel *whole*.

Will had a third secret. One he held close to himself. One that filled him with a dread that was ever-bubbling higher. He feared one day it would reach the surface and suffocate him.

He did not feel... *complete*. There was something missing. Will couldn't fathom what it could be. He assumed it had something to do with this other mark. With these other *feelings*, these other *wants* that he just could not seem to let go off.

And it made him feel ill.

He had everything he could ever want, and yet it did not feel like enough.

The self-loathing was steadily becoming all-consuming. By day he was a happy, well-adjusted teenager, son, student, boyfriend and friend. But at night it was all he could do not to curl up in a ball and just pray for something to happen. An accident, a disaster, a miracle. Some sweet relief from this feeling of guilt and despair and loneliness.

Will wasn't sure how much longer he could take it. The weight of his three secrets slowly pressing down on his chest as every day passed.

Sometimes it felt like even breathing was becoming a chore.

Will's thoughts lately had become rather dark. But he still attempted to put forward a brave face in front of his friends.

El saw right though it of course. And clung to him all the tighter. Her large eyes silently pleading with him to confide in her, share his burden. But she never pushed. El pushed him around about a lot of things, she could be downright bossy sometimes, but she always seemed to know instinctively when to hold back. And thank god for that because Will didn't think he would ever be ready to explain to her exactly what was going on. Even *he* didn't know that himself.

Today was especially hard for some reason. Will could barely find the strength to push his feet against the pedals as he and El rode two-up over to the Wheeler residence.

Will knew he should feel happier. Today was a big day for his best friend after all. He'd seen the wide, hopeful look that had been smeared across Mike's face all day as time crept closer to his Soulmark Reveal. But he just couldn't seem to find the energy.

He felt El's grip tighten around his fingers as they sat on the living room couch and watched the clock creep over into the ten minute mark. Ten minutes *past* the time Mike was supposed to come out of his room to show off his brand new soulmark.

Will was only just starting to tap into the tension that had been percolating throughout the room.

Dustin had gotten up to pace a few minutes ago. Ms Wheeler sat with her hand clenched around Holly's knee. Both Max and Lucas were staring at the stairs as though willing Mike to walk down them through sheer force of will.

Will knew Nancy was standing by her phone even though she had an evening class tonight at her college up in Chicago.

Why hadn't Mike come out yet? Was it somewhere embarrassing? Will had heard of one girl who used to go to their school whose mark had been in the crease of her thigh. Not a terrible place, just not somewhere easy to share with your friends and family. Will itched his foot against his opposite leg self-consciously.

Maybe... maybe he had two. Like Will.

For a moment Will felt such an overwhelming saturation of bliss run through his body that he actually shivered.

He then immediately felt horrible for wishing such an awful thing on his friend.

But then... *what?* What could it be?

At the 15 minute mark Karen Wheeler lost her patience. She stood up from the couch and everyone watched her with nervous gazes as she fixed her skirt and marched up the household stairs.

Everyone was on tenterhooks. A stiff breeze could have knocked them all over. It wasn't hard to hear the soft knock followed by the gentle "Michael?"

They heard the murmured reply but it was a bit hard to make out words.

"Are you going to come out sweetie?"

The muffled answer was short and to the point. It could only have been a "no".

Will and El both gripped each other at the same time. Will looked to his soulmate. He was sure that the look of worry on her impish face was mirrored in his own.

"Well then, can I come in?" the same gentle voice, stiff with nervous tension.

Will felt like he could feel his heart beating in his throat. It must be something bad. It had to be. This was going way past the point of embarrassing face tattoos or the like.

Maybe Mike didn't have one and was freaking out. Maybe they had got the time wrong. Will looked at the clock. It was now 7:43pm. Exactly 18 minutes past the time Mike's soulmark should have appeared.

The sound of footsteps caught Will's attention. Ms Wheeler was descending the stairs. He could see she was trying very hard to hold tears at bay.

"What's wrong with him Mom?" Holly asked the question on everyone's lips. She'd replaced her mother's embrace with a pillow by now.

"We don't know that anything is wrong with him just yet Hol. He won't let me in. Will dear, will you go and try and get him to come out?"

"Me?!" Will yelped in an embarrassingly high voice.

"Yes. He's asking for you." Karen Wheeler was approaching him. Her eyes begging something that Will wasn't sure he could fulfil.

He looked beside him again. Seeking out his only source of comfort. El was looking back at him. Her beautiful eyes warm and wide. She didn't say anything. But she did lean forward and leave a firm kiss against his lips and that... that was the push he needed.

Slowly Will stood up. Without El's hand clutched in his own his

fingers felt kind of stiff and forlorn.

Walking towards the second story of the house felt like walking underwater. Was he even moving? Was he making any progress at all? Why did Mike want to see him – and only him??

Oh god what if he actually DID have two marks? What if Will's sickness, his disease had infected Mike in some way? Will didn't think he would ever forgive himself.

"Mike?" Will croaked out as he tapped his hand against the wooden door. Very aware that everyone would be listening in downstairs.

He leant forward to listen. There was no verbal response but he heard the footsteps from inside. The lock unlatched and the door creaked open. Mike did not appear in the space and so Will moved through the opening.

He walked into the familiar room and immediately turned around to take in Mike's form hiding behind the door.

He looked as he always had. Tall and pale. Grey shorts obviously pulled on quickly to protect his modesty.

No alterations to his perfectly clear complexion jumped out at Will. But as his scanning gaze fell on Mike's face he saw his best friend's eyes swollen and red with tears previously shed. His nose kind of resembled a squashed, soggy tomato.

“Mike” Will gasped. “What’s wrong? What is it??” his arms raised and stilled in an aborted attempt to reach out for the taller young man. He wasn’t sure if his touch was welcome.

Mike sucked in oxygen and sniffed wetly.

“I’m sorry Will. I’m so, so sorry.”

Panic started to race through the nerves of Will’s body. A vibrating hum that stung like a hot wire. “For what?” he demanded. “What is it?”

Something in Will’s gut wrenched as Mike backed away from him as he took a few steps forward.

“Mike...” Will was choking up now too. “... Mike just tell me!”

Mike was shaking his head as he continued to back away until he could go no further. The backs of his knees had hit the edge of the bed. Will could see fresh tears falling down his face as the boy sat defeatedly upon the mattress. Dimpling the checkerboard coverlet.

“It’s my fault. I ruined it. It’s... it’s me.”

Will stood frozen as Mike slowly raised his leg. He knew what was

coming a split second before it happened. Before his eyes fell onto the smooth infinity symbol inked in handsome navy blue on the bottom of his best friends foot.

“I’m sorry Will. I-I would take it back if I could” Mike continued to ramble.

Will wasn’t exactly paying attention at this point. He all at once felt like all of the air in his body had been punched out of him. Numbly he walked towards the desk chair and fell into it.

Mike. Mike was his... his soulmate. Mike was *his soulmate!*

Too.

Will already had a soulmate. And he had thought... he had thought he didn’t want, didn’t *need* anyone else. But... but *Mike!* His thoughts were moving too fast. He felt woozy.

Suddenly a weight in his lap hefted him back into reality. It was Mike. He was on the floor in front of Will. Kneeling. As though begging forgiveness. His forehead laid against the divot of Will’s legs. He could see the boys naked shoulders shaking with silent sobs.

“I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I know you don’t want this. I’m so sorry.”

The weight of Mike’s arms around his calves further pulled Will into

the present. The scene was strangely reminiscent of when he revealed his own soulmark to El.

He looked down further and saw the mark, plain as day, from where Mike's feet folded out behind him. It looked smaller on Mike's foot. Will knew instinctively it would match the size of his exactly. Mike must have bigger feet he thought dumbly.

Mike's crying had quietened by now. Will noticed that at some point his hand had started absently stroking through Mike's dark hair. Grabbing bits between his thumb and forefinger and smoothing along the strand until it fell from his fingertips back into place.

Mike huffed warm air through the material of Will's jeans and turned his head to the side. Will watched the freckled slope of his nose, his eyes were scrunched closed.

"D-do... do you hate me? I w-would understand if you hated me. You don't have to be nice. Y-you dont have to do *anything*."

The words sounded strained. Almost strangled. Like they didn't want to come out. Will recognised the tone. They were words filled with shame.

And that... that just would not do.

His fingers flitted down to reach beneath Mike's jaw and raise his face to be cupped within Will's palms. His eyes a bloodshot colour

study in black, red and white. He watched as they blinked owlishly up at him.

“Of course I don't hate you Mike. I could... I could never.” Will tried to piece his words together. He wasn't sure if he knew how to say this right.

In the end he decided going with his gut was the only way really.

He brought his lips forward against the swollen ones before him and kissed them earnestly. And it felt...

... it felt like sun breaking through rain clouds. Like lazily waking up on a Saturday morning. Like the day El had taken him as hers and she as his.

Will broke from the kiss but didn't move far. Only back enough so he could look back into Mike's eyes. His hot cheeks still framed by Will's hands.

“I couldn't ever hate you because I... because I love you” he bumped their noses together. “You're my soulmate.”

And the words, said out loud, sealed the promise. Will didn't know how it happened. What it all meant. He just knew how he felt. And he felt... whole.

“If you’ll have me...?” Will quirked his lips slightly and the joke barely had time to settle before Mike was lunging forward and capturing Will in another slightly damp kiss. This one fierce and passionate with just a taste of relief and Will couldn’t help but laugh a bit into it. It was ok though, Mike was laughing too as he pulled Will to the ground with him. Will didn’t bother with holding himself back and just settled himself right into Mike’s lap.

It all just felt so good and so right and his body was practically humming. Different from how he felt with El. Kind of like how the twang of a guitar string is different to the thrum of a piano note. Both still so achingly beautiful.

El.

Will pulled back.

“El” he said simply, to Mike’s confused face. “She’s still mine and I’m still hers. That hasn’t changed.”

He watched Mike’s face closely. Watched as he thought this concept over. And Will suddenly felt light-headed the more he saw Mike’s eyebrows crawl closer together in concentration.

“Both of us?” he finally questioned.

Will nodded slowly, his face dipping in shyness.

It must have hurt Mike's back to hunch down like that. But he seemed to want to see Will's face. To meet his eyes.

"I don't mind if you don't" he stated simply.

Will straightened. "You don't?"

Mike slowly shook his head from side to side, a puckish smile adorning his full lips.

"How is that possible though?" Will said, hardly able to believe what he was hearing.

Mike shrugged. "I dunno. I just... don't mind."

Will chewed on his lip. "I know the feeling. It just, seems okay somehow. Right?"

"Mmhmm" Mike agreed.

"El might not like it though..." Will intoned, absently stroking fingers up and down the back of Mike's neck as he looked into the middle distance.

“Well... let's find out. Let's ask her.” Will snapped his gaze around to stare at him. Typical Mike. Decisive Mike. Always ready with a plan. Like this wasn't something that could literally *break* Will.

“Ok.”

Will told El his three secrets. The ones he had been holding so close for so long. Now with a fresh new one to add to the mix.

She sat on the bed with her hands still grasped between Will's. Mike was hovering somewhere on the periphery but she wasn't looking at him. She wasn't looking at anyone.

She stared off into space for so long that it made Will antsy beyond control.

“El...? Please say something?”

“So you, me and Mike? We share?”

Will held his breath as he internally winced. El had never been very good at sharing. Her fiery personality often jumping to jealousy a bit too easily.

“Something like that?”

“And you still love me? You don’t want to... throw me away?” She was looking straight at Will now. Her eerie eyes seeming to almost look right through him.

“No! Never!” Will’s voice shook slightly with the depth of his conviction.

“Even though I can’t give you what he can?” she jutted her chin over toward where Mike was awkwardly ringing his hands.

“What does that matter?!” Will exploded. “You give me *so much!* So, so much! He can’t compare to what you give me! What you *mean* to me! It’s *incomparable!*” He squeezed her fingers so tight they must have been hurting. Afraid she might just slip away. But he didn’t want to yell, he didn’t want to be another scary figure in her life, and so he paused. Breathing deeply through his nose for a few moments before he spoke, tone raspy with feeling. “I-I don’t know why this has happened, I just... “ Will struggled to find the words. “... I just, I need you *too!* I need you *both!* *Please. Please* tell me you’re okay with that...”

Damn his eyes. Its like they were always ready to cry. He could feel the big, fat tears beginning their journey down his cheeks and he looked away. He hated crying. He fucking hated it.

He felt El’s small, delicate, infinitely powerful hands pull out of his own. He choked on a sob at her retreat. So this is what heartbreak felt like. He guessed "soulbreak" might be a more accurate word. It

hurt like a motherfucker.

But then there were hands around his face. Lifting. Thumbs were gliding under his eyes. Wiping away the moisture left by his tears. El's deep brown eyes were staring into his own.

"Don't cry my love. It's ok. That's all I needed to hear. I just wanted you to say it, you haven't been saying what you felt much lately. It made me scared. Scared that you didn't trust me. That you didn't want me. But I'm ok now. I... understand. I don't mind." She echoed Mike's words from earlier. They were murmured gently, as though she were afraid Will might shatter.

Truth be told he kind of felt close to it.

"Really?" his voice was gravelly but hopeful.

El bit her lip through a shy smile and nodded. She looked over to Mike. Their eyes met for a long, long, *long* time. Will had no hope of fathoming what might be passing between them in that moment.

But then Mike was moving. Sitting down on Will's other side. Wrapping his lengthy arms around him. Bringing El into the fold too, who happily fell against Will with a sigh.

In that moment Will felt so full of joy he was practically choking on it. He laughed for the sheer thrill of it and felt Mike's arms tighten even harder around him, his nose buried into Will's hair.

He watched as El reached down to bend his foot up on his knee. Gaspd with delight as she lovingly traced the second soulmark etched into his sensitive skin.

To describe what Will was feeling in that moment would be like trying to explain the infiniteness of the universe. It simply could not be put into words. It was too big. Too boundless. Bigger than all of them.

But to put it simply.

Will had no more secrets.

Will had two soulmates who he loved.

Will felt whole.

Author's Note:

I could go on and on about what my thoughts are on this universe and how this particular soulmate theory works and why Will ended up with two soulmarks. Buuuuuut.... I'm sure that would be pretty boring. In the end I just hope you enjoyed the story. I know I especially enjoyed expanding on my asexual!El HC and exploring the rarepair of Will/El - that was super fun. Please let me know your thoughts, I love hearing from readers. :)

And here I am on [tumblr](#).